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Forgotten Workers.

They lived and they were useful; this we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work and then they passed away,
An unknown band;
But they shall live in endless day in the Fair, shining land.

And were they young, or were they growing old?
Or ill, or well?
Or lived in poverty, or had they wealth of gold?
No one can tell;
Only one thing is known of them—they faithful
Were, and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God;
They loved the sweetness of another Name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper or friend,
And in the joy of this their, their ministry,
Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth!
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Though here unknown;
And there lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

O, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be;
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all his grace!

Glenford, Ohio.

ITEMS ON THE RAIN.

I am sitting in the house of Bro. Isaac Helser, looking out at the rain as it showers down on the thirsty soul. Rain in this country means a good many things—it means mud and bad roads and small congregations.

As I look out through the window, I wonder why rain should keep any good, strong, healthy people away from church. If it rained pitch forks or iron bolts, or fire, it would not be hard to find a good reason, but as long as it rains water, and even then it is not boiling water, but good, nice, cold water, the very thing we have all been wishing and praying for.

It often happens that the very persons who would remain at home from church on account of rain, would not hesitate to take his hogs to market in such weather, or to paddle for miles through the mud and rain to the polls on election day, or to go to the mill, or the store, or to town, even if they did get a little wet. But to go to church does not seem to be of such importance, or their religion was not strong enough to overcome their indolence and make some small sacrifices.

It is because we expect some profit, or gain, or pleasure, that we are able to put up with some inconvenience in going to town or market, or the house of some friend to visit. Then the natural conclusion is that they have more interest in going to other places than to the house of worship.

And so it was, our fears were realized; the congregations were small. However our meetings were beneficial and interesting even if the number was not large. Those that did come were undoubtedly good soldiers of the cross.

If there had been meetings held here each week, then if any one remained at home on a wet Sunday it would not have looked so bad. But here the meetings were rather far apart, and the preacher had come nearly one hundred miles, and then these were intended to be preparatory services—preparing our hearts for the feast that was to follow.

Beside all this the rain was needed so badly, and every one seemed so glad to see it, that we naturally thought that out of the abundance of their grateful hearts they would want to come to the house of God to render up their gratitude for the great blessing.

These notes and hints are intended not merely for the Glenford people but those whom the case just fits.

Our love feast passed off quietly. We commenced according, to previous announcement at 5:30. There were a few over thirty at the tables, and as usual the Lord kept his promises in giving his promise. The audiance was small and the consequent extreme quiet gave a solemnity to the ordinances that would not have been felt had the house been crowded.

Early on Saturday morning sister Clara Leach passed from earth to heaven.

The deceased was only 24 years of age and one who had gained the respect of the whole neighborhood. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon. The house was filled, notwithstanding the rain and mud.

This, too, shows how people can overcome their dislike to rain and mud, when the inducement is sufficiently large, for the weather was just as disagreeable at the time of the funeral as at any time during our stay there. The duty and desire to respect the memory of one with whom they were so intimately associated with, and whom they dearly loved was strong enough to over come all inconvenience and the disagreeableness of the weather.

Sister Clara Louisa Leech was the daughter of Geo. P. and Margaret Leech. She was born Sept. 5, 1863, and died Dec. 3, 1887, aged 24 years, 2 months and 28 days. She had been a consistent member of the church about eight years.

This was a very sad case. She was the fifth of the family that had grown to maturity and called home to the "mansions" above.

There are only two children left now—a brother and sister. The sister has been an invalid for over a year. It was heart-rending to hear the sobs of the aged father and mother, and see the grief of the only sister as they brought the coffin to the side of the invalid chair which she was unable to leave.

This is only another of the many instances of blighted hopes that are amongst the every day experiences of human life. No doubt the now bereaved parents had looked with joy upon their children years ago, before sorrow had cast its shadow across the hearth, and hope painted the future in the brightest colors. Alas! one by one these fond hopes have been buried. But brethren and sisters, these earthly hopes are only blighted that you may have higher and grander hopes for eternity. God has promised to fulfill every hope for eternity. So let us look up, and keep our faces turned toward Zion, and we can cheer each other with the grand promises of God.

Our young brother, J. A. Miller will preach for them on Christmas morning.

We had a very pleasant chat with Eld. Silas Hoover, pastor of the Jonathan's Creek German Baptist church. He informed me that they intended to have another debate with the Reformed church. Eld. R. H. Miller will champion the Dunkard church, and is making the necessary arrangements.

Bro. Kisler and daughter, of the Mount Zion church came to our love feast. The rain and mud did not seem to have had much influence over him, although they had to come nearly 20 miles.

Wednesday evening, we started for Bremen. There is such a labyrinth of railroads to pass over that I have to start the day before so as to be there in time for meeting Thursday evening.

TRINE IMMERSION ARGUMENTS.

So we have only had two answers to the request for "The three best arguments in favor of Trine Immersion." Now brethren, a little friendly criticism will not hurt the matter. It may have a tendency to sharpen up our reasoning powers, so to say.

It seems that the arguments advanced by brethren Brown and Ridenour are nearly identical. But as to the concordant testimony of Church history, we must be careful how we appeal to it. For I find that nearly every denomination appeal to Church history to substantiate their practice. Beside, in getting behind the Greek Church we must not forget that they universally believe in infant baptism. We would not be willing to accept their historical record of Infant baptism. So others who are opposed to Trine Immersion are not slow in bringing this argument in rebuttal.

Then again Bro. Ridenour's argument about the re-baptism recorded in Acts 19, is open to criticism.

The apostles and Jesus were baptized by John. We do not hear that they were rebaptized, nor even any hint of it. And the natural supposition would be that they were not. For Christ commissioned them to go forth and baptize as they were then.

And could not single immersionists justly claim that if Jesus was baptized by single immersion that they would be right in following his example. The great objection in this particular case was that they had not even heard of the Holy Spirit, and consequently had not received it after baptism.

The question to those "certain disciples" was, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" and not "By what baptism were you baptized with?"

This circumstance is explained thus: That some of John's disciples went forth and taught and baptized, not referring to the teachings of Christ. So they became John's disciples and were baptized "unto John's baptism." They were therefore baptized unto Jesus' baptism and became the Lord's disciples.

One theory seems as plausible as the other, and there is no actual proof for either.

I believe we ought to analyze these arguments. We must not lose sight of the fact that there are many who do not believe as we do. That they do not look through our spectacles. There are many of our members that are not able to argue their side of the question. It is our duty then to bring forth the best we have got to sustain our practice.

To say that *all* scholars and *all* ages, etc., have acknowledged that the language means Trine immersion and nothing else, and that it is apparent to every schoolboy, etc., is no argument brethren; for we know that there are men who have a reputation for scholarship would deny this, and so become our antagonists. It is because they cannot see it our way that they are our antagonists.

We hope that every brother will give us the best arguments they have. We want to bring an array of arguments that the weakest member we have may defend our practice.

It is just as a good sister told us, one good, solid, invulnerable argument is enough. So it is. But a dozen is a great deal better.

EDWARD MASON.

Ramblings.

On Friday, Dec. 2nd, I rambled into the bounds of the Sandy G. B. church east of Homeworth, in Columbiana Co., Ohio. I was met at the station by Bro. D. W. Thomas and conveyed to the hospitable home of his father Eli Thomas. Here we met uncle David Thomas, who had his home in the same family, and with whom I have been intimately acquainted for just one quarter of a century, and this meeting gave ample opportunity to talk over many things that occurred during the intervening time; but principally those partaining to the affairs of the Church. In the evening we went to a school house, a mile distant, and within sight of the Reading meeting house where we used to meet and worship and where the first N. E. Ohio S. S. convention was held, just about eleven years ago. We met a respectably large and attentive congregation at the school house to whom we preached in all four discourses, closing on Sunday evening. Bro. Josiah Keim, of Louisville, met with us on Saturday evening and remained during the meetings rendering valuable assistance.

This G. B. church is under the Bishoprick of Elder Lewis Glass, but we did not have the pleasure of meeting with him during these meetings. The weather was unfavorable, the nights dark and either rainy or threatening rain all the time, yet we had fair congregations, in fact about all the house could comfortably seat and upon the whole we had a profitable time. Some one no doubt will ask, why did you go there to preach when there is no Brethren organization? Well in order to satisfy this inquiry I may as well say just here why I did so; and in order to define my position clearly, I will say that I am not in favor of going into any of the G. B. churches to create discord, if they are in harmony and good working order. I am not the preacher for them, and will not, by any means, disturb their peace. But this is not the case in the Sandy church. The Elder, while he tries to rule the church, refuses to commune with her, and a few others act in the same way, and they justify their action upon the plea that the church is *not in the order*, and yet they fail to make use of the proper remedy to bring them into "the order." Thus a continual lack of harmony is kept up, and in addition to this the membership in the main are an intelligent class of people, and would like to have preaching of a kind that would be to their edification. And in this respect the work is woefully deficient. Taking all in all the cause of truth is suffering and we thought possibly we might do them some good; and under these circumstances we thought it our duty to pay a visit to that field, in hope of ultimately bringing about a satisfactory adjustment of all difficulties. During our visit we did not forget to point out in unmistakable terms what we regarded as the remedy, and we hope a better day is dawning for the Sandy church. There were quite a number of the membership in attendance, and they showed us much respect and absolute and substantial kindness, for which we feel truly thankful.

On Monday evening, the 5th, I arrived at home and on Saturday, the 10th, I expect to go to the "Valley."

P. J. BROWN.

Congress, O., Dec. 6th, 1887.

Nickerson, Kans.

Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord! Notwithstanding some thought nothing could be accomplished here, seven have already fallen under the sword of the spirit, and we think the end is not yet. The saints here feel like shouting and shouting. Glory to God to whom power belongeth. Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord. Make known his triumphs. Amen.

W. J. H. BAUMAN.

Dec. 8, 1887.